NEW BOOKS.

A Loyalist's Letters.

It is well known that, before the winter of 1775-76, there were in the Thirteen Colonies but few open advocates of complete separation from the mother country. There is trustworthy contemporary evidence that, as late as July, 1776, at least a third of the colonists were opposed to the Declaration of Independence. It is even probable that a majority of the educated and professional men were Loyalists. Among those who had been most strenuous and outspoken in resistance to the Stamp Act, many felt that, after the repeal of that measure, there was no sufficient ground for severing their connection with Great Britain. To the Loyalists, however, numerous and influential as they were, comparatively little attention has been paid in histories of the Revolutionary War, whether these have been penned by Americans or by Englishmen. Oblivion was long the fate of the unsuccessful. Only in comparatively recent days has the part played by Loyalists during our War for Independence been made the subject of considerable investigation. Fruitful research, indeed, was scarcely possible until an impartial point of view could be attained. The disappearance of prejudice was first indicated by a willingness to discard the offensive epithet "Tories" and to adopt the term "Loyalists," by which those who remained faithful to the British Crown preferred to be known. It is now beginning to be recognized that most of the Loyalists were entirely sincere, that they made great sacrifices to what they believed to be their duty, and that they are not less deserving of the historian's attention because they were unable to perceive that the continuance of the old relation between the Colonies and the British Crown had become impracticable.

The measure of tolerance with which the Loyalists have come to be regarded has been followed by the exhibition of interest in their experiences and opinions. Not only their contributions to the controversial literature of their own day, but even their private letters, have been read with curiosity, and some of these papers have been thought worthy of reproduction in print. Among the data that throw light on the views and feelings of the Loyalist section of the colonial population are the "Letters of James Murray," collected by one of his descendants, Susan I. Lesley, (Boston, W. B. Clarke Company). James Murray was a Scotchman of good family and small fortune—he inherited a thousand pounds—who in 1735, at the age of 22, emigrated to the Cape Fear district of North Carolina. There he prospered, becoming ultimately a rich man and a member of the Governor's Council. In 1765, however, he removed to Boston, where his sister, Elizabeth, had married James Smith, a sugar refiner. It was he who imported the old Dutch elms, once so prized in Boston. The Murrays on their arrival in Boston occupied Smith's house on the corner of Queen street, now Court street. In 1769 the Murrays acquired the Smith farm at Brush Hill, Milton, and for the next six years resided there. "The farm," Murray tells a correspondent, "has a good house, well furnished, good gardens and orchards, meadows and pasturage in three hundred acres. It is, in short, one of the pleasantest and most convenient seats I see in the country." The Murrays seem to have removed from Brush Hill to Boston, however, in the early part of 1775, and they were certainly in the city when it was shut up on April 22 of that year. We find not a word of comment in the Murray letters on the fights at Lexington and Concord, and nothing about the Battle of Bunker Hill. When the British decided to evacuate Boston, James Murray, like most of the other Loyalists, had no recourse but to sail for Halifax with Howe. From Halifax, where he established his wife with her sister, who had preceded them thither, James Murray went successively to Newport, New York and Philadelphia; but, after spending some two years in profitless wandering, he returned to Halifax in 1778, where the remainder of his life was passed. In March, 1777, Murray received a letter from another exile, then in London, the well-known Thomas Hutchinson, who had been Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts under the Crown.

We quote a passage which is indicative not only of the writer's, but of Murray's, feelings on the subject of the war: "I have advantages here beyond most of the Americans, as I have a very extensive acquaintance with the best people; but I prefer the *natale solum* to all other: and it will give me great pleasure to hear you are peaceably settled at Brush Hill and that I may settle as peaceably on Unkaity Hill. I hope to live to see, not only my Milton neighbors, but the people of the province in general, convinced that I have ever sincerely aimed at their true interests; and that, if they had followed my advice, they would have been free from all that distress and misery which the envious, restless spirits of a few designing men have brought upon them." Hutchinson adds: "It is astonishing, considering the immense expense of this war, and the stop put to the American trade, that nobody seems to feel it. Every merchant and manufacturer, except the few who were factors for America, are as full of business as ever, and, in the manufacturing towns they are fuller of business, from the increase of the demand in other branches than before the American war. With this amazing empire, it is the unhappy case of my poor country to contend. May God Almighty in mercy put an end to this contest!"

When, after the surrender of Cornwallis, there seemed to be some prospect of a peace James Murray hoped to be able to return to New England and to settle once more either at Boston or in the District of Maine. He did not live however, to see the independence of the colonies recognized by the mother country. Of his descendants two great-grandsons fell in the war for the Union, giving to their country lives derived on the one hand from a patriot, and on the other from a Tory ancestor.

M. W. H.

Mrs. Tweedie's Adventures in Mexico.

In opening her spirited book, "Mexico As I Saw It," (Macmillan Company), Mrs. Alec Tweedie answers a question that she says has frequently been asked of her, namely: Why did she choose Mexico for her travels and investigations? She seems to have had encouraging reasons, "Because," she says, "with all the world before me, that land seemed to offer a more historic past than almost any other country on God's earth and was there not a spice of danger and romance yet lurking among its hills and valleys? There men still carried arms; no one dare do otherwise, for, although seldom necessary, the mere fact of having them commands respect. Wild journeys on horseback through the mountains to old Aztec ruins, moreover, sounded inviting. In some respects Mexico, in this year of grace 1901, is highly civilized, but in other it remains utterly barbaric. Truly a land of paradox. It is most interesting, always picturesque, sometimes blood-curdling, and often sad."

Adventures are to the adventurous, and certainly Mrs. Tweedie had a great many in the course of the eight months that elapsed between her departure from England and her arrival home again at the conclusion of her Mexican travels. She tells us in a vigorous summary: "I wound up the 400-day clock upon the library chimney-piece, bidding it tick on until my return and tell forth the hours from hot summer to chilly autumn, from sombre winter to joyous spring. It kept faith, and on my return nearly eight months later was still ticking merrily. What months of wandering those were! I traversed some 25,000 miles by sea and land, slept in sixty-two different beds, and passed thirty-four nights in moving trains."

She visited Galveston ten weeks after the great disaster. Nervous friends tried to dissuade her. "Are you not afraid of fever?" they asked. "No," she replied. "If we were afraid of everything in life we should never accomplish anything." Of Galveston at that time she writes: "What a sight! What desolation!! What Misery!!! Each wave as it lapped that Galveston shore seemed to be sobbing a requiem mass for the dead."

It is not everybody that speaks good English either in America or in England, and the traveller who has the good fortune to hear the best English that is spoken in America may properly make note of it. At the conclusion of her chapter on Galveston, Mrs. Tweedie says: "A few days later I was at San Antonio, Texas, and when driving out to the delightful old Catholic mission houses my conversation with the darkie coachman turned on Galveston. 'I was there during the storm,' he said, in that soft musical voice peculiar to these people, who seem to talk the best English in America. 'I had a week's holiday, and went there to see some friends, and the very day before I ought to have left that storm came, Oh, my!'

"'It must have been fearful!' I exclaimed.

"'There is no word for it. I just thought it was the end of the world—we all did. Oh, my, it was bad! The only bit of luck I had was to get my leg smashed by some falling timber.'

"'Why luck?' I asked in surprise.

"'Well, you see, no man that could work was allowed out of the town, he had to help bury and tidy up, and oh, my, there were some sights! But as I couldn't walk they let me go, and I felt as if I was getting out of hell, I did!' "

The possibilities of this latitude in the way of romantic adventure began to demonstrate themselves before Mrs. Tweedie was over the border. She was looking over some manuscript in the dusty railway car when an official in uniform appeared before her. "Are you Mrs. Alec Tweedie?" he inquired. She records that it was with an outward show of courage that she replied: "I am." Inwardly she was disturbed. "Who can he be? A detective? What does this portend? What crime am I supposed to have committed? Will he stop my journey?" These questions flashed through her excited mind before he replied: "I have come to help you at the frontier with your luggage." She records: "I sighed with relief, thanked him, and after his departure tried to go on with my work. A few minutes only elapsed, however, we had just passed a junction, ere another man stood before me, who likewise inquired: 'Are you Mrs. Alec Tweedie?' I trembled again. What did it mean? Was my luggage over weight, or about to be confiscated, or what? Nevertheless I managed to reply calmly once more: 'I am.' 'I come from the International Railway to bid you welcome to Mexico," was the astonishing explanation."

A third and a fourth man came up with the same inquiry: "Are you Mrs. Alec Tweedie?" One said: "I come from Mr. Cloete's ranch to look after you and welcome you in his name." The other said: "Mr. Barrett of Sonora asked me to meet you at the frontier and see you safely to Sabinas." It seems to have been quite reasonable for Mrs. Tweedie to speak of Mexico as most interesting. "It really was extraordinary," she records. "Four men had arrived from different directions, each on the same errand and each unknown to the other. After all, there are some advantages in travelling alone. Every person offers to look after one, and certainly on those thousands of miles of journey I was scarcely ever allowed to feel solitary, and rarely sat down to a meal by myself during the many happy months I was on American soil. How kind people are to strangers! How hospitable and thoughtful for their comfort! Thus I crossed the Rio Grande at Eagle Pass to be met on the frontier at Porfirio Diaz by charming ladies, Mrs. King, Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Carrington, all bringing lovely flowers and a hearty welcome to Mexico. Under such delightful auspices I first trod on the soil of the Toltecs and Aztecs. Nearly all those people were strangers to me; yet when I left Mexico six months later I felt I might number many of them among my friends."

In making the "wild journeys on horseback" Mrs. Tweedie rode man-fashion. "I am a warm advocate of riding astride for women," she writes. "My first long expedition was in Iceland, where on one occasion a girl and I accomplished a distance of 163 miles in three days and a few hours. This was in a land where there were no bridges, rivers had to be swum by the ponies, there were no roads, and rough paths and dangerous mountain passes formed the track. Such rides could never be accomplished on a side-saddle. * * * I believe I was the first to advocate riding astride in book form; the volume instituted that long war of controversy, 'Should Women Ride Astride?' in the *Field* and *Daily Graphic* about ten years ago. Oh, how some of these dear people jumped at me for 'immodesty', 'indelicacy', and other words of condemnation! To have written such sentiments was a crime, to have ridden in such style an offence against all propriety. But I still live! Later I adopted the same plan in Morocco and, much to the surprise of my good friends in Mexico—where they are barely accustomed to the fact of a woman mounting a horse at all, and certainly not in a man's saddle—yet I hope and trust I succeeded in riding down their prejudices. There is nothing new in sitting astride. Women who have to travel long distances in foreign countries invariably do so; indeed every woman in England rode in this manner until sidesaddles were introduced by Anne of Bohemia, wife of Richard II., and many continued to ride across the saddle until a much later date."

As for the attire suitable for a lady who rides in this fashion, it includes ordinary riding breeches and boots, and a divided skirt to veil those gross articles from the general view. Among the many admirable illustrations in the book there is a picture of "Mrs. Alec Tweedie's divided skirt for riding astride, shown lying flat open." It is an interesting picture. The material for the skirt had best be close-woven serge or whipcord. It is not difficult to make the skirt. It must be narrow, and gored for standing. Six or eight inches from the ground is not too short. It may fasten back or front, front preferable. Over the hips it may be drawn perfectly tight, a good point. Lying flat open, Mrs. Tweedie's divided skirt is the shape of that nearest of the heavenly bodies whose orb through optic glass the Tuscan artist views at even from the top of Fiesole. Hanging down, and not flat open, it would be a perfectly proper skirt to wear to a luncheon party.

Mrs. Tweedie was impressed by President Diaz. She says of him: "Has any other man in the nineteenth century done as much? We have had a Napoleon, no doubt a greater despot; a Moltke, a greater soldier; a Beaconsfield, a finer politician; a Talleyrand, a greater diplomatist; but has any man of humble origin, practically self-educated, raised himself to such a position and brought his country from battle and murder to peace and prosperity?" As to his appearance: "He is a man of medium height, probably about five feet eight or nine inches, broadly built, and wearing his gray hair closely cut. Diaz looks under 60, though in reality ten years older; has all the bearing of a soldier, the manners of a courtier, and the graciousness of a friend. He is quick and alert in movement, has a delightful and kindly smile; but his head and jaw denote strength and profound depth of character. His clear dark eyes are deep-set and thoughtful, his nose large, with dilating nostrils; the forehead high, the face long, and one is instantly struck by the clearness of the dark skin and the look of youth and vitality."

There is a portrait of him, and one of Mrs. Diaz. They are both handsome. Of the President's wife we read: "She is perfectly delightful. Tall and dark, extremely good looking, with pretty manners and gracious ways, she wins all hearts, added to which 'Carmelita,' as she is universally called, having been educated in the United States, speaks English and French fluently. She is the President's second wife, and by her gentle birth, tact and kindly thought has done much to soften the harder and rougher side of his character. Her womanly influence came to him at a time when it was no longer necessary to rule with such an iron hand, and she guided him to softer measures and more diplomatic ways. Her drawing room, upholstered in French style, was pretty and dainty, and her welcome most cordial and graceful. When I got to know her better I found her a charming woman, with the manners of a diplomatist, the most gracious way of saying pleasant things, well read, keenly interested in many subjects, Carmelita is indeed a wonderful woman."

So not all Mexico was barbaric, and the dangers that Mrs. Tweedie encountered were hardly more than spice. The arms that men carried were quite in her experience. Her wild journeys on horseback in a divided skirt were altogether enjoyable. She saw the historic present as well as the historic past, and she had a good time and brought away pleasant memories.

Studies of Old London.

Mr. W. J. Loftie, in his instructive and interesting book, "London Afternoons; Chapters on the Social Life, Architecture, and Records of the Great City and Its Neighborhood" (Brentano's), remarks the doubt caused in all controversies by the want of what in arithmetic is called a common denominator. As an example, he offers the case of three students of London history who had an argument as to the situation of Tyburn. They reached no conclusion, because it had not first been declared what Tyburn meant in the mind of each. To one it was a place of public execution, to another it was a manor comprising a church and a village, and to the third it was a brook. It is, however, true that as the result of many such controversies the history of London is gradually assuming scientific proportions. Thirty of forty years ago it was still at the point at which the Elizabethans had left it. A history of London up to that time was a mere list of events often wrongly stated. The same errors were repeated in book after book, and there was no effort to get beyond the authorities of three centuries ago.

But within the last thirty years there has been a surprising change. The records of St. Paul's and of the Guildhall have in that period been made accessible in print and generally in English. Anybody may see and read them. They make, Mr. Loftie says, such an unbroken series, extending back to the times of the Saxon kings, as can be exhibited by no other city in the whole world. For London alone has never been entered by a foreign invader during the millennium that has elapsed since the

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